

Finding our way back to each other by lovegoodlily

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Summary: The beginning of a Stancy reunion story, beginning in S3.

Finding our way back to each other

Steve sat down against the wall, with blood dripping down his face. Those damn Russians pounded the shit out of him and left him there, alone in this random room. Over in the corner, Steve heard a little bit of static, which he thought he'd hallucinated – until he saw Dustin's second walkie talkie. Pushing himself off of the ground, Steve stood up and released a grunt; damn was he sore. Pulling up the antenna from the talkie, words finally came through the static.

"Steve! Robin and Nancy are somewhere in there, you have to find them!" Dustin spoke, urgently.

"Wait, wait, wait," Steve said, incredulously. "Nancy *Wheeler*? What is she even doing here?!"

He was going crazy. There's no way Dustin could have claimed Nancy was here. She wasn't even part of this whole thing. He was convinced hallucination was behind this, now.

"I'm not kidding, Steve! She's in there!"

The door busted open and Steve dropped the walkie talkie. Two of the men came in, each seizing Nancy by her arms. She was wearing a purple dress, wrinkled and dirtied. The makeup she had been wearing had been cried off, telling by the black stains on her cheeks. They shoved her forward so hard and roughly that she fell to the ground. They slammed the doors shut, leaving the two alone. Steve didn't waste a second, and was by her side almost immediately. He put a hand on her back, and his other found her hand.

"Nancy, how did you end up here?" Steve asked, not only scared for his life, but hers.

Nancy slowly turned her head toward Steve, which was when he saw a handprint on her left cheek. One of those Russian bastards slapped her. Heat rose in Steve's face, wanting to rip those guys apart.

"They know about the Mind Flayer, Steve. They have this whole machine that's trying to open the portal that Eleven closed... It's

happening again, Steve. All over again," Nancy said, spewing words out quickly and breathlessly.

Steve wrapped his arms around her, hushing her and telling her it was going to be okay. She finally leaned into him, resting her head against his chest. The two hadn't even spoken to each other in almost a year, and somehow, they'd ended up in each other's arms again after all this time. Steve's heart was anything but okay.

"It's going to be okay, Nance. We'll get through this, just like we did last time."

Nancy shook her head, her voice trembling. "No, Steve. I don't think we're going to make it out of here alive. I really don't."

Honestly? He wasn't sure they would either. But the last thing he needed was for the Wheeler girl to breakdown on him, when they needed to be thinking with clear minds. The objective was getting out of here quickly and efficiently. Well, he had to get *her* out of here. He still needed to find Robin.

Steve's hand cupped the side of Nancy's face, bringing her gaze up to his. "I'm not going to let anything bad happen to you, Nancy Wheeler. I promise."

Nancy nodded her head, keeping her eyes locked with his. Even in the roughest of circumstances, she never failed to radiate beauty. How was it that he'd nearly gotten over this girl, and with the sudden twinkle of her eyes, he's back in the palm of her hand? That would be called love, and a wound that never healed. How could it heal when the anecdote was being with her?

Enough of this, he had work to do.

Steve stood up and paced around. They were basically defenseless. He had to figure out how to save her, even if it meant sacrificing himself. His eyes trailed over to a fire extinguisher on the wall, and then to Nancy. Was she still the little spitfire he knew her to be? Could she handle kicking some serious Russian ass? There wasn't a doubt in his mind.

He walked over to the extinguisher and pulled it off the wall. He turned to Nancy, holding it out to her. She stood up and grabbed it from him, looking down at it in confusion.

"We're going to have to fight them, Nance. You need to be ready to whirl that at them."

Nancy chuckled, looking at him like he was nuts. "Steve, they have actual guns! Are you crazy?!"

Steve put a hand on her shoulder, tugging her toward him briefly. He looked into her eyes, trying to stress how serious he was. "It's probably our only way."

"It's not going to work, okay? You think they'd be afraid to shoot me? Some American girl? No, Steve. They wouldn't hesitate."

Nancy looked down, sighing in frustration. After a few moments, she simply nodded. "I'll do it. But what are you going to use?"

Steve's shoulders dropped. "There's nothing else in here I can use. I'm just going to have to use the old one, two." He held up his fists, a grin on his face.

"I don't see what's funny, Steve. You can't just go in with nothing but your bare hands. Are you crazy? I'd actually like to see you come out of this alive."

"Why, Nance? You stopped caring about me a while ago. Don't start now."

Hope was dwindling, and in came the pity party. Nancy set down the extinguisher and stood mere inches from him. She took both of his hands in hers and kissed both of his knuckles.

"Don't talk like this, Steve. Not right now. I will always care about you," she admitted, squeezing his hands. "So make sure you kick their butts, because we're both coming out of here alive and together. I'm not leaving you behind. I don't care how many Russians I have to knock out with that thing to get to you. I'll do it."

Both of their heads whipped to the door as they heard footsteps

nearing. Steve quickly grabbed onto her face and pressed a kiss on her lips. He did it almost without thinking, knowing deep down it could be his last chance to ever do it. Nancy was taken back a bit, stumbling back a few steps. But she didn't have time to waste either, so she bent down and grabbed the extinguisher, readying it in her hands.

As soon as the door opened, Nancy rushed at the opening with the extinguisher pulled back and ready for a blow. She just barely stopped in time when she saw a girl in a Scoops uniform, the same one Steve wore.

"Whoa! Take it easy there!" Robin said, holding her hands up in mercy. She gave Nancy a curious look, and then glanced over at Steve. "What is she doing here?!"

Steve shrugged his shoulders, feeling drained as that quick adrenaline rush that went unused faded away. "Don't ask me. How did you get in here?"

Robin was bouncing on her heels nervously. "We'll get into those details later. Come on you two, we have to get out of here. Right now. We don't have much time."

Steve came up behind Nancy and rested a hand on her back. Nancy dropped the extinguisher and the two of them followed behind Robin. Nancy didn't notice, but as they walked, Robin raised her eyebrows at the affection Steve was showing toward Nancy. Steve simply rolled his eyes. Just after he'd told her he was over Nancy, and there he was, back in the trap. Yet still, he wasn't surprised by this.